*Mar.* Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

*Per.* Nay Ile be patient: thou little know'st how thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

*Mar.* The name was giuen me by one that had some power my father, and a King.

*Per.* How, a Kings daughter, and clad *Marina*?

*Mar.* You seed you would beleeue me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore calld *Marina*?

*Mar.* Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

*Per.* At sea, what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lichorida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

*Per.* O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull'd sleepe did mocke sad fooles with all,
This cannot be my daughter buried, well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorne, beleeue me t'were best I did giue o're

*Per.* I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

*Mar.* The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*,
But good sir whither will you haue me? why do you weep
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to king *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be

Hoe



*Hell.* Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

*Hell.* Calls my Lord?

*Per.* Thou art a graue and noble Counseller,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made me weepe?

*Hel.* I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speakes nobly of her.

*Lys.* She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe,

*Per.* Oh *Hellicanus*, strike mee honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but
For truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

*Mar.* First sir I pray what is your title?

*Per.* I am *Pericles of Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

*Mar.* is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

*Per.* Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue been by sauage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes, who is this?

I

*Hell.* Sir,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo